DEADPOOL 17

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CIVIL WAR II

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CIVIL WAR II

DEADPOOL

DEADPOOL MAY BE BELOVED BY THE MASSES—BOTH IN THE MARVEL UNIVERSE AND THE REGULAR, MUNDANE UNIVERSE—BUT HE IS CERTAINLY NOT BELOVED BY THOSE WHO KNOW AND WORK WITH HIM. SPECIFICALLY, HE'S UNIVERSALLY ABHORRED BY THE MERCENARIES THAT HE HIRED TO STAFF THE MERCS FOR MONEY: SLAPSTICK, SOLO, TERROR, STINGRAY, MASACRE, AND FOOLKILLER. HE HASN'T BEEN PAYING THEM WHAT HE PROMISED, INSTEAD USING THEIR INCOME TO FUND AN AVENGERS TEAM THAT SOMEHOW CONSIDERS HIM A MEMBER.

THE MERCS ARE DEAD SET ON ENDING THEIR RELATIONSHIP WITH DEADPOOL, AND TO THAT END THEY'VE MADE IT THEIR NEW MISSION TO SEEK AND DESTROY THEIR CONTRACTS. THE QUEST HAS LED THEM TO THE SAFE-DEPOSIT VAULT OF A BANK IN HO-HO-KUS, NEW JERSEY...WHICH IS WHERE WADE CAUGHT UP WITH THEM TO TAKE HIS EMOTIONS OUT ON THEIR FACES. THEY'VE BEEN LOCKED IN TOGETHER, LIKE ON A TV SHOW WHERE PEOPLE GET TRAPPED TOGETHER TO WORK OUT THEIR ISSUES. LET'S SEE HOW THAT WORKED OUT!

OH, WAIT...WHAT ABOUT ULYSSES? UH...PRETEND THIS WHOLE ISSUE IS SOMETHING BEING FORESEEN BY THE PROFILER'S SUPER-POWERS...AND HE DIDN'T CARE ENOUGH TO CHANGE IT.

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FIRST NATIONAL
HO HO KUS BANK
IT'S *STRANGE*. WHOEVER BROKE IN WAS SMART ENOUGH TO AVOID TRIPPING THE ALARM...
...BUT THEY ACTIVATED THE *TIME LOCK* BEFORE THEY LEFT.
WHEN'S THE VAULT OPEN?
RIIIGHT *NOW*.
KA-CHUNK
LET'S FIND OUT HOW BAD YOU GOT HIT.
WHUDD
OOF!

WE QUIT, YOU THIEVIN' RAT!
ACKK! YOU--GAKK-- CAN'T QUIT IF YOU'RE DEAD, TERROR!
WHY ARE YOU AND I FIGHTING, SLAPSTICK?
YOU HIT ME!
I WAS TRYING TO HIT DEADPOOL AND YOUR DUMB CARTOON ASS GOT IN THE WAY!
¡LADRÓN!
WHAKK
IF YOU AREN'T GOING TO PAY US THE MONEY YOU OWE US, THEN WE'LL TAKE IT OUTTA-- OOF!
GUYS, TRUST ME, I'M ON MY WAY TO BEING A SHRINK-- AND I THINK WE'RE SUFFERING FROM MASS HYSTERIA.

TINK
WHAT THE--?!
OH, CRAP.
IS THAT A PIN?
GRENADE!
WHAT?!
NAMOS!
AHH!
WHY ARE YOU RUNNING, SLAPSTICK? YOU CAN'T EVEN BE HURT.
I DON'T WANT TO BE COVERED IN YOU GUYS.
DON'T SWEAT IT, FELLAS. I SLIPPED AN EXTRA GRENADE PIN INTO HIS HAND SO THEY'D SCATTER.
BU-BUT THAT FLASH-BANG GRENADE DOESN'T HAVE A PIN IN IT EITHER.

WHA--
YEAAAAAAAOW!
BOOM
OH, NO! I--I'M BLIND!
@#$%!
HOLY @#$%!
HERE COMES SWEARDEVIL!
NICE TO MEET YOU, SWEARDEVIL.
TAP
TAP!
TAP
I'M SLAPSTICK, ONE OF THE GUYS YOU'VE BEEN CHEATING FOR MONTHS.
WHUDD!
GASP
YOU PROMISED ME I WOULD BE RICH ENOUGH TO FIX MY FLOPPY JALOPY PROBLEM.
NOBODY WANTS TO HEAR ABOUT YOUR ERECTILE DYSFUNCTION-- OH!
--NO!

WAIT!
MY EVERYTHING HURTS.
YEESH!
OH GOD, OH--
SPLAP
HOW ARE YOU GUYS OKAY WITH BEATING ME UP RIGHT NOW?!
I CAN'T SEE! I'M DISABLED.
÷RETCH÷
YEANNGH!
IT'S "DIFFERENTLY ABLED" YOU PIECE OF #&%$!
HEY, SOLO. CHECK OUT WHAT I FOUND WHILE WE WERE TRAPPED INSIDE THE VAULT.
IS THAT WHAT I THINK IT IS?

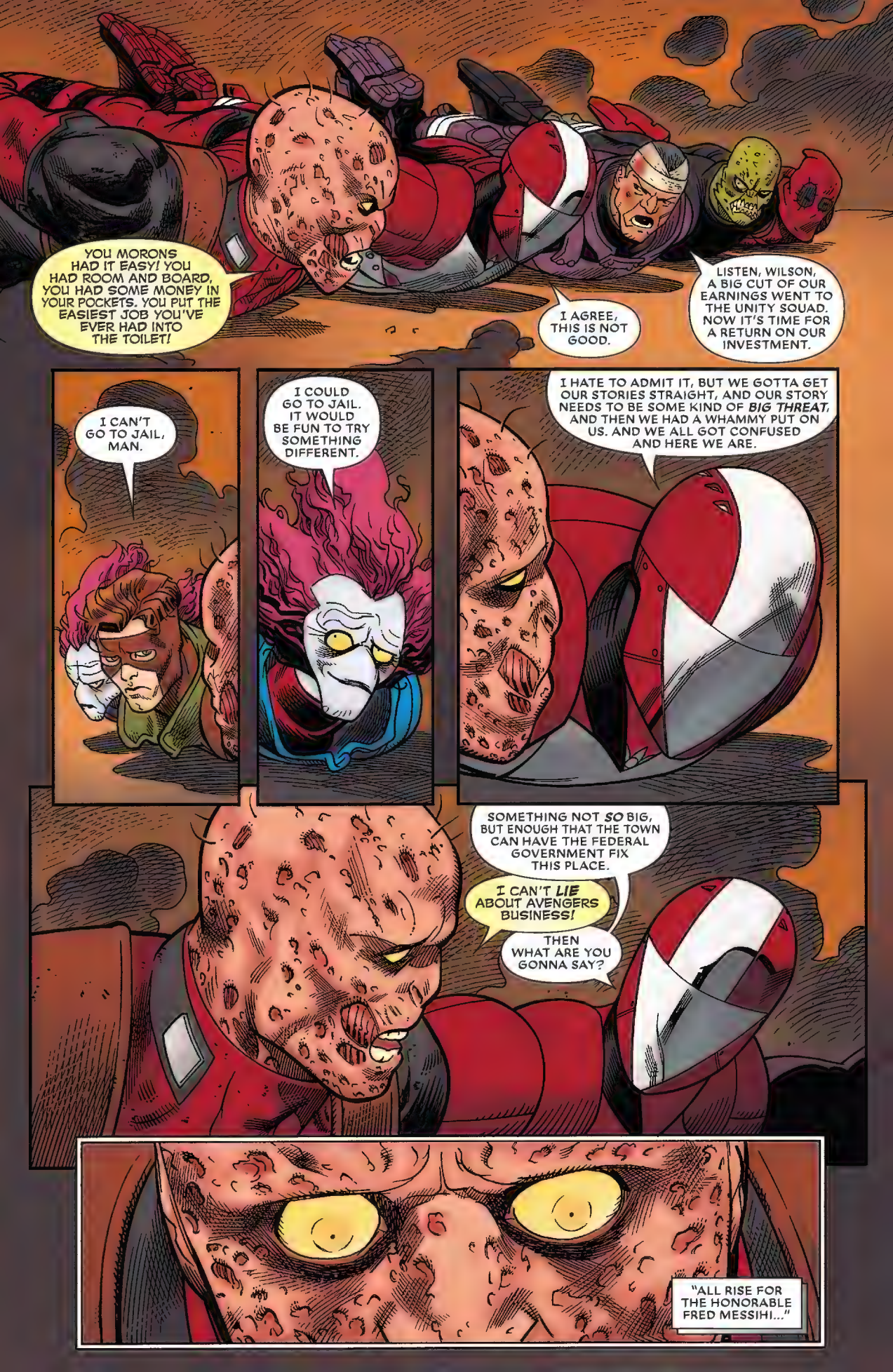
FIRST NATIONAL
HO HO KUS
YEP. THESE ARE OUR CONTRACTS WITH DEADPOOL.
WELL DONE, STINGRAY, BUT I THINK YOU MEAN...
...THESE *WERE* OUR CONTRACTS WITH DEADPOOL.
WE'RE GONNA MAKE SO MUCH MORE MONEY AS FREE AGENTS.
MAYBE. MAYBE NOT. BUT AT LEAST THERE WILL BE LESS DEADPOOL.
HO-HO-KUS
POLICE
HEY, SUMMER STOCK! YOU AND BIRDMAN *FREEZE!*
WHY DON'T YOU TAKE THE REST OF THE DAY OFF, OFFICER.
HO-HO-KUS
POLICE
I NEED BACKUP AT THE BANK. NOW, DAMMIT, NOW!
WAIT!
BLAM BLAM
HO-HO-KUS
POLICE

I FINALLY FOUND A USE FOR YOU--
--AS A HUMAN GARBAGE SHIELD.
WHO'S SHOOTING ME?! STOP SHOOTING ME!
I DON'T HAVE TO SEE TO BE ABLE TO SHOOT INDISCRIMINATELY!
LOOK OUT!
WE NEED BACKUP!
POLICE
HO-HO-KUS
POLICE
CUT IT OUT!
HEY MAN, YOU'RE SHOOTING UP A BUNCH OF COP CARS--MAYBE YOU SHOULD--
WHUDD
WHY THE HELL DID YOU POINT ME AT THE COPS?! THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT!

IT MIGHT BE TIME TO FLY OUT OF HERE.
I COULD PUNCH THAT UGLY FACE ALL DAMN DAY.
UGHN!
WHUDD
COME ON, DEADPOOL. TELL US WHERE YOU HIDE YOUR RAINY DAY MONEY AND THIS CAN ALL END.
OOF!
WHAK
WORST. SAUSAGE PARTY. EVER.
I'M TIRED OF BEATING HIM UP. LET'S GO.
SKREADSHK
HO HO HO, NOW I GOT SHOTTY.
AND MY EYESIGHT HAS STARTED TO REGENERATE. AMAZING WHAT THE HEALING TOUCH OF A PUMP-ACTION SHOTGUN CAN DO.

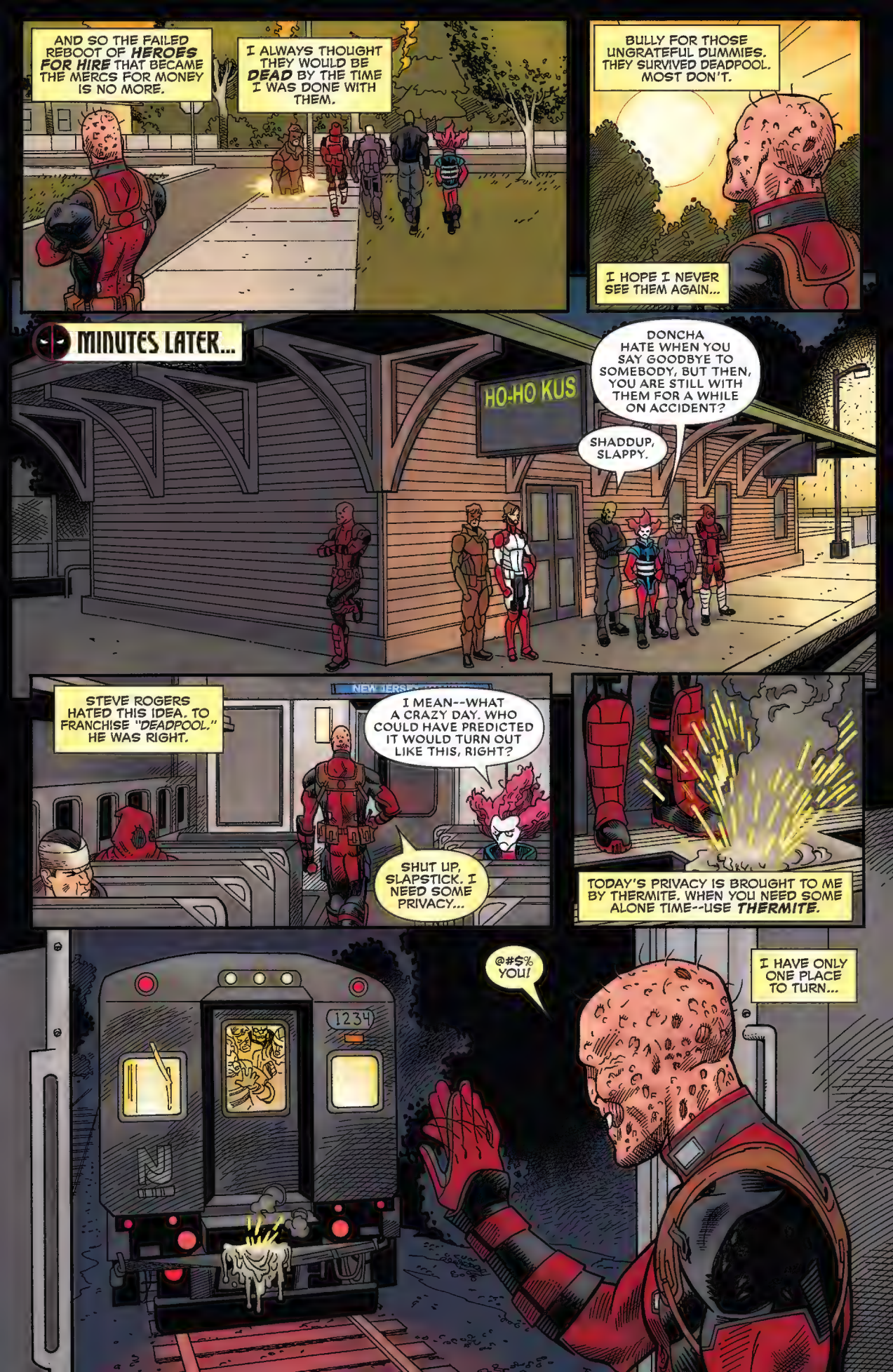
WHERE'S EVERYBODY GOING?
WHAT'S THE MATTER? YOU DON'T WANT TO FACE ME WHEN I CAN ALMOST SEE?
HO-HO-KUS
AND I DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT MONEY ANYMORE! NO MORE TALK OF WHO GETS WHAT.
NO MORE TALKING! YOU'LL DO AS YOUR TOLD OR YOU'LL GET MY KATANA UP YOUR--
...WHAT... WHAT WAS THAT?
THAT WAS ANOTHER FLASH-BANG GRENADE YOU ROLLED UNDER THE CAR, RIGHT?
NOPE.
AARRRRGH!
"YOU IMBECILIC, DISTURBED, SECOND-RATE CHOWDER HEADS HAVE GONE TOO FAR!"

MINUTES LATER...
--NOT ONLY ARE YOU GONNA REBUILD PODUNK, NEW JERSEY, YOU'RE GONNA PAY UNCLE SAM BACK FOR THE S.H.I.E.L.D. INTERVENTION.
FIRST NATIONAL HO HO KUS BAN
"THE MERCS FOR MONEY." PFFT.
MORE LIKE THE "JACKASSES FOR JAIL."
EXCUSE ME, PRESTON.
NO, &#$% YOU, IDIOT SUPREME.
HOW MUCH LONGER DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GONNA BE AN AVENGER?
ARE YOU READING AHEAD?
DO BETTER, WADE.
SEE YOU AT SUNDAY NIGHT DINNER!


YOU MORONS HAD IT EASY! YOU HAD ROOM AND BOARD, YOU HAD SOME MONEY IN YOUR POCKETS. YOU PUT THE EASIEST JOB YOU'VE EVER HAD INTO THE TOILET!
I AGREE, THIS IS NOT GOOD.
LISTEN, WILSON, A BIG CUT OF OUR EARNINGS WENT TO THE UNITY SQUAD. NOW IT'S TIME FOR A RETURN ON OUR INVESTMENT.
I CAN'T GO TO JAIL, MAN.
I COULD GO TO JAIL. IT WOULD BE FUN TO TRY SOMETHING DIFFERENT.
I HATE TO ADMIT IT, BUT WE GOTTA GET OUR STORIES STRAIGHT, AND OUR STORY NEEDS TO BE SOME KIND OF *BIG THREAT*, AND THEN WE HAD A WHAMMY PUT ON US. AND WE ALL GOT CONFUSED AND HERE WE ARE.
SOMETHING NOT *SO* BIG, BUT ENOUGH THAT THE TOWN CAN HAVE THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT FIX THIS PLACE.
I CAN'T *LIE* ABOUT AVENGERS BUSINESS!
THEN WHAT ARE YOU GONNA SAY?
"ALL RISE FOR THE HONORABLE FRED MESSIHI..."

I HAVE HERE A SIGNED AFFIDAVIT FROM THE AVENGER KNOWN AS DEADPOOL ABOUT TODAY'S EVENTS IN NEW JERSEY.
WADE WILSON, EVERYTHING IN THIS DOCUMENT IS TRUE?
IT IS, YOUR HONOR. KANG WAS AT THE BANK, WE TRIED TO STOP HIM, BUT HE GOT AWAY.
UM, WHAT ELSE?
THEN HE MADE US THINK WE'RE ALL HYDRA?
MAKE FULL RESTITUTION TO THE TOWNSHIP OF HO-HO-KUS.
GET OUT OF MY COURTROOM, AND STAY OUT OF NEW JERSEY.
WITH PLEASURE!

EVERY DIME THAT YOU GOT SHORTED WENT TO FUND STEVE ROGERS' AVENGERS UNITY SQUAD.
EVERY DIME.
SO WE SHOULD GO BEAT HIM UP UNTIL HE PAYS?
ALLENDALE MUNICIPAL COURT
SHUT UP, YOU ROD-LESS WONDER.
NONE OF YOU IDIOTS ARE GOING TO GO AFTER CAP WHILE I LIVE AND BREATHE.
LET ME EXPLAIN MY SEVERANCE PACKAGE.
SAVE YOUR BREATH. I'M NOT SIGNING ANYTHING THAT--
DON'T INTERRUPT ME.
:GUERK:
THWACK
FROM HERE ON OUT, YOU ALL HAVE A NON-COMPETE WITH ME.
IF WE END UP GOING OUT FOR THE SAME JOB, YOU WALK AWAY. IF YOU TAKE A JOB, BUT I'M HIRED BY A COMPETING INTEREST-- YOU WALK AWAY.
YOU CROSS ME, AND I SEVER YOUR PACKAGE.
I SEE YOU IN MY UNIFORM, I KILL YOU ON SIGHT.
EVERYONE UNDERSTAND THE TERMS OF THIS TERMINATION?
YEAH, WE HEAR YOU.


AND SO THE FAILED REBOOT OF HEROES FOR HIRE THAT BECAME THE MERCS FOR MONEY IS NO MORE.
I ALWAYS THOUGHT THEY WOULD BE DEAD BY THE TIME I WAS DONE WITH THEM.
BULLY FOR THOSE UNGRATEFUL DUMMIES. THEY SURVIVED DEADPOOL. MOST DON'T.
I HOPE I NEVER SEE THEM AGAIN...
MINUTES LATER...
HO-HO KUS
DONCHA HATE WHEN YOU SAY GOODBYE TO SOMEBODY, BUT THEN, YOU ARE STILL WITH THEM FOR A WHILE ON ACCIDENT?
SHADDUP, SLAPPY.
STEVE ROGERS HATED THIS IDEA. TO FRANCHISE "DEADPOOL," HE WAS RIGHT.
I MEAN--WHAT A CRAZY DAY. WHO COULD HAVE PREDICTED IT WOULD TURN OUT LIKE THIS, RIGHT?
SHUT UP, SLAPSTICK. I NEED SOME PRIVACY...
TODAY'S PRIVACY IS BROUGHT TO ME BY THERMITE. WHEN YOU NEED SOME ALONE TIME--USE THERMITE.
@#$% YOU!
I HAVE ONLY ONE PLACE TO TURN...
1234
NJ

PRESTON? HELLO? I KNOW YOU CAN HEAR ME. I SEE MY LITTLE PONY ON THE TV.
YO, WADE.
UH. IS THAT THE PREFERRED NOMENCLATURE?
WHAT ABOUT, UH, "HIS DADNESS"? "THE DADERINO"?
MY THERAPIST SAYS I SHOULDN'T CONSIDER YOU A FATHER FIGURE.
WELL, THAT'S JUST, LIKE, HIS OPINION.
ELLIE, WASH UP FOR SUPPER.
OKAY.
LATER, WADE.
YOU GOT A LOT OF NERVE.
YEAH, THAT'S ME.
SO-- WHAT'S FOR DINNER?
I'M SERVING UP--
--KNUCKLE SANDWICHES.

I PROBABLY DESERVE THAT. IF NOT FOR TODAY, THEN SOMETHING ELSE. ANYTHING ELSE.
EVERYTHING ELSE.
SKRASH
I DESERVE WHATEVER BAD COMES MY WAY.
BYE, WADE!
I DESERVE IT FOR BEN FRANKLIN LEAVING, OR MICHAEL DYING, OR THE MERCS BUSINESS GOING BOOBIES-UP.
I KNOW SHIKLAH IS PISSED AT ME, MIGHT AS WELL GET THIS OVER WITH.
OH. HEY, MAN.
LONG TIME.
YEAH.
SEEING WIFEY WILL MAKE ME FEEL BETTER.
HAVE FUN, DUDE.
UH, YEAH.
WAIT, WHAT?

HONEY, I'M HOME!
YOU WON'T BELIEVE WHAT A &@#$ DAY I HAD.
THE IDIOTS THAT I PLUCKED FROM OBSCURITY AND TRANSFORMED INTO HOUSEHOLD NAMES ALL QUIT EN MASSE TO GO PRIVATE SECTOR.
THEN, I SWING BY PRESTON'S...
...AND SHE KICKS ME OUT!
CAN YOU BELIEVE THAT?
...UH.

HI, DEADPOOL.
YOU'RE JOHN, THE WOLF-MAN, RIGHT?
JACK.
EXCUSE ME.
I SHOULD GO.
YOU SHOULD STAY.

DEADPOOL, WAIT!
I CAN EXPLAIN!
NO NEED.
I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU HAVE TO SAY, ANYWAY.
IT'S BEEN A DAY THAT ONLY VIOLENCE CAN SOLVE.
SHHK CHAKK
IS HE GONNA SHOOT ME?
ABSOLUTELY NOT.
YOU'RE COMPLETELY *SAFE* AT MY SIDE.

BOOM!
WHAT WAS THAT, SHIKLAH? DID YOU SAY SOMETHING? I COULDN'T HEAR YOU OVER MY BIG HONKING MURDER GUN.
TO BE CONTINUED...

NEXT:

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